Thou haſt redeemed thy loſt opinion,
And ſhew'd thou makeſt ſome tender of my life,
In this faire reſcue thou haſt brought to me.
Prin. O God, they did me too much iniurie,
That euer ſaid, I harkened for your death.
If it were ſo, I might haue let alone
The inſulting hand of Douglas ouer you,
Which would haue beene as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poiſonous potions in the world,
And ſau'd the trecherous labour of your ſonne.
King. Make vp to Clifton, ile to S. Nicholas Gawſey. *Exit King.*

Enter Hotſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
Prin. Thou ſpeakſt, as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
Prin. Why, then I ſee a very valiant rebell of the name;
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not, Percy,
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two ſtars keepe not their motion in one ſphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double raigne
Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.
Hot. Now, ſhall it, Harry? for the houre is come,
To end the one of vs, and would to God
Thy name in armes, were now as great as mine.
Prin. Ile make it greater, e're I part from thee,
And all the budding honours on thy creſt,
Ile crop to make a garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight: Enter Falſtalffe.

Fal. Well ſaid, Hal, to it, Hal. Nay, you ſhall find no boyes play here, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas, he fighteth with Falſtalffe, he falls downe as if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh Harry, thou haſt rob'd me of my youth,
I better brooke the loſſe of brittle life,
Then thoſe proud titles thou haſt won of me,

They